

The Irish Theosophist.

"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(Continued from p. 65.)

KRISHNA, as we have seen, desires to aid and encourage Arjuna. He therefore proceeds to instruct his ward in the art of Thought, which is the art of Living. In the book the fact is set forth as the art of Warfare, but that and to live are one and the same thing when Man, standing between the hosts of Spirit and those of Material Desire, decides to advance towards the Eternal.

It is worthy of more than passing consideration, this fact that Krishna at once begins to tell Arjuna how to think, and hence how to live. The Lord does not bid Man to become an ascetic ; nor to separate himself from his fellows ; nor to evade or set aside the duties of his immediate place ; nor to mortify the flesh by any system of food or of life. No ; He inculcates right thinking, a system of thought based upon the real nature of the Universe, for such interior attention and thinking will in time affect the very brain, will alter—not its substance, but the mode, the convolutions of that substance, making it the vehicle of finer forces, the radiator of higher powers.

Broadly stated, the whole sum of this chapter is the method of storing and using the spiritual thought energies. Read the chapter with care, and it is evident that a mere man of business would do his work better, would save wear and tear, coming always freshly to the daily problems, if he had his mind under the perfect control described, so that he could turn it away from every deed once done, taking no further care for the result once he had done his best in any point of detail, never wasting energy in doubt, anxiety, or nervous dread, sure of himself and calm in woe or weal. There have been such men, and one or two names occur now to the writer's mind, veritable Colossi among

their fellows, who only failed when age fretted through the splendid armour of their calm. When the motive for such mental training is set higher, when the leakages of energy are avoided in order to store that Life force for diviner uses, then the results take effect on more interior planes of Being, and the results are more swift and more powerful, because they do take effect in Substance more dynamic.

The result of too great brain wear and tear, perpetual debate, worry, anxiety, anger, fear, and—subtle pigmy—the small but deadly foe, "FUSS," is to depress the Life currents by persistently applied lower vibrations, and this devitalizes the inner man as well. In Will and Hope arise, as from a fontal source, the true springs of our Being, and flesh, blood, nerve fluid, brain, as well as life currents and mind, are invigorated by those heavenly streams.

It may be well to compare editions in dealing with this chapter in detail, for often two translators throw more light upon the subject than one alone.

Arjuna is told that: "Thou grieveest for those that may not be lamented while thy sentiments are those of the expounders of the letter of the law." Another edition puts this more clearly: "Thou hast grieved for those who need not be grieved for, but thou utterest words of wisdom." Arjuna has used judgment, he has also uttered partial truths, as when he says his ancestors should be respected by him, or when he says that he cannot destroy his friends. But his seeming wisdom has missed the more profound wisdom, for he shows most respect and more true helpfulness to his ancestors in endeavouring himself to perfect his nature; he cannot kill his friends, for his kinship is with the immortal souls, not with the outer bodies. This does not mean that a man shall go forth to kill, for while he is in the body as well as when he is out of it he has a duty towards the Deity, not to consciously, deliberately destroy a vehicle of the human, intelligent soul. The "war" and the "killing" are typical, and also we find that Arjuna is instructed to fight, but nothing is said as to killing, beyond the broad fact that the Soul is all, that it kills not nor is it killed.

In one edition at hand it says:—"As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, childhood, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same." Here we have the doctrine of Re-incarnation put forward at the very opening as affecting the entire argument. It certainly changed the whole point of view. Given that teaching, and we must unravel the entire fabric of our Thought, weaving another of closer texture, fashioning a garment direct from Mother-Substance. The man who determines to study Life, to rely upon and to learn of that

unapproachable teacher, cannot read the first letter of Nature's alphabet until he knows that he, the man himself, is a Soul ; and a Soul whose very being is freedom ; not a thing of matter, but a beam of the sun, a meteor that comes and goes, a law that chooses and rejects, that experiences and assimilates turn about, and whose starry essence is compounded of Love and Will.

Another edition has : "As the soul *in* this body undergoes the changes of childhood, prime and age. . . ." This is a useful gloss, for whereas we had the soul as "Lord of the mortal frame," a ruler and maker, we now find that this Lord is also seated within the bodily frame itself ; still a third edition confirms this : "As the Dweller in the body seeketh in the body childhood, youth, and old age, so passeth he on to another body ; the well-balanced grieveth not thereat." This brings out clearly the point of balance. A later verse repeats that point : "Balanced in pain and pleasure—tranquil."

It is a point of deepest value, for Balance or Harmony is the true nature, the true life of the Soul. In the Voice of the Silence we have "Charity and love immortal" as the first key, and "Harmony in word and act" (*i.e.*, harmony with the Law, acceptance of the whole Karmic sound of Life) as the second key, and also we are told that Harmony is Alaya's self. Little by little light shines in upon the mind, and we find that to tread the path is to sink down, down within the turbid mind and life's perturbed waters to the deeper, the essential nature of the Soul. It *is* Love ; it *is* Charity ; it *is* Harmony ; it *is* Freedom. Why ? Because that star which we call the Soul is still a thing of substance, the starry essence has its attributes, and these are they. It is Love because it goeth forth, expanding with the light of the spiritual sun towards the entire universe. It is Charity because it knoweth the three energies or principles that are in Nature, and that these act, often blindly, and not the liberated human Soul. It is Harmony because every atom of that starry essence moves with and in the Great Breath—there where no dissonance can be heard. It is Freedom, unbound by delusion, able to fulfil its own high nature, able to choose the Above or the Below because of that energy by which it is "self-moved from within." It is Justice because it cannot act contrary—in its purest state—to the universal spiritual action nor against the law of the acting and re-acting Breath. This spark, this flame, that is thyself, oh man ! Wilt thou choose or depart from that ? "The unreal hath no being ; the real never ceaseth to be ; the truth about both has been perceived by the Seers of the Essence of things." This gloss reminds us of those lines of the Secret Doctrine : "The Initial Existence in the first twilight of the

Maha-Manvantara (after the Maha-Praylaya that follows every age of Brahmā) is a CONSCIOUS SPIRITUAL QUALITY. In the manifested WORLDS (solar systems) it is, in its OBJECTIVE SUBJECTIVITY, like the film from a Divine Breath to the gaze of the entranced seer. . . . It is Substance to our spiritual sight. It cannot be called so by men in their WAKING STATE; therefore they have named it in their ignorance "God-Spirit." (Vol. I., p. 288, old edition.) The entire extract should be studied with care. The Soul is an Energy, a Breath; but it is also a Substance, a Light. The endeavour to realise that man is that Soul will bring in time a wider, truer concept of the whole scheme of Being. We cannot live wisely or well upon false postulates.

Other glosses are :—"Those who discern the truth discern the true end" (of the existent and non-existent).

"By those who see the truth and look into the principles of things the ultimate characteristic of these both is seen." (Truth, the ultimate Essence and ultimate characteristic, are shown to be the same thing—viz., "a conscious Spiritual quality"—an essence of the Breath; the ultimate Soul.)

A wise hint this. Be not governed by the apparent nature of things. Look at the ultimate nature. As—this Joy; is it born of the Eternal; hath it root in the spiritual; or is it a passing gladness for an ephemeral thing? This Grief—does it sorrow divinely as for some obscuration of the Self, some loss of hold upon the Divine by some bewildered human heart? This Anger; what a harsh constrictive energy; this Perturbation, how its chopping, fretting tide drives back the large harmonious vibrations of the Mother Soul. Let us look at these things, analyse them, and gently put them back from us, not thralls of Pain or Pleasure, but artificers of divine things, creators by will of the universal gladness, pilgrims of the path of heavenly Joy. Fear not, oh! fear not to rejoice divinely, Life is a song. The Path is only sorrow to the man of flesh and desire, who struggles as he goes, To the pure in heart that path is one of profound delight. See the joy of a good and happy child; what innocent mirth; what merry trust; what whole-souled generosity; what spontaneous love. In that candid eye, that clear brow, see as in a dim mirror that greater thing which the pure Soul in thyself is—and shall be—a Joy Incarnate.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

THE AWAKENING OF THE FIRES.

(Concluded.)

IT may not be well to prophecy, but it is always permissible to speak of our hopes. If day but copies day may we not hope for Ireland, after its long cycle of night, such another glory as lightened it of old, which tradition paints in such mystic colours? What was the mysterious glamour of the Druid age? What meant the fires on the mountains, the rainbow glow of air, the magic life in water and earth, but that the Radiance of Deity was shining through our shadowy world, that it mingled with and was perceived along with the forms we know. There it threw up its fountains of life-giving fire, the faery fountains of story, and the children of earth breathing that rich life felt the flush of an immortal vigour within them; and so nourished sprang into being the Danaan races, men who made themselves gods by will and that magical breath. Rulers of earth and air and fire, their memory looms titanic in the cloud stories of our dawn, and as we think of that splendid strength of the past something leaps up in the heart to confirm it true for all the wonder of it.

This idea of man's expansion into divinity, which is in the highest teaching of every race, is one which shone like a star at the dawn of our Celtic history also. Hero after hero is called away by a voice ringing out of the land of eternal youth, which is but a name for the soul of earth, the enchantress and mother of all. There as guardians of the race they shed their influence on the isle; from them sprang all that was best and noblest in our past, and let no one think but that it was noble. Leaving aside that mystic sense of union with another world and looking only at the tales of battle, when we read of heroes whose knightly vows forbade the use of stratagem in war, and all but the equal strife with equals in opportunity; when we hear of the reverence for truth among the Fianna, "We the Fianna of Erin never lied, falsehood was never attributed to us"—a reverence for truth carried so far that they could not believe their foemen even could speak falsely—I say that in these days when our public life is filled with slander and unworthy imputation, we might do worse than turn back to that ideal Paganism of the past, and learn some lessons of noble trust, and this truth that greatness of soul alone insures final victory to us who live and move and have our being in the life of God.

In hoping for such another day I do not of course mean the renewal of the ancient order, but rather look for the return of the same light

which was manifest in the past. For so the eternal Beauty brings itself to the memory of man from time to time brooding over nations, as in the early Aryan heart, suffusing life and thought with the sun-sense of pervading Deity, or as in Greece where its myriad rays, each an intuition of loveliness, descended and dwelt not only in poet, sage and sculptor, but in the general being of the people. What has been called the Celtic renaissance in literature is one of the least of the signs. Of far more significance is the number of strange, dreamy children one meets, whose hearts are in the elsewhere, and young people who love to brood on the past, I speak of which is all the world to them. The present has no voice to interpret their dreams and visions, the enraptured solitude by mountain or shore, or what they feel when they lie close pressed to the bosom of earth, mad with the longing for old joys, the fiery communion of spirit with spirit, which was once the privilege of man. These some voice, not proclaiming an arid political propaganda, may recall into the actual: some ideal of heroic life may bring them to the service of their kind, and none can serve the world better than those who from mighty dreams turn exultant to their realisation: who bring to labour the love, the courage, the unfailing hope, which they only possess who have gone into the hidden nature and found it sweet at heart.

So this Isle, once called the Sacred Isle and also the Isle of Destiny, may find a destiny worthy of fulfilment: not to be a petty peasant republic, nor a miniature duplicate in life and aims of great material empires, but that its children out of their faith, which has never failed may realise this immemorial truth of man's inmost divinity, and in expressing it may ray their light over every land. Now, although a great literature and great thought may be part of our future, it ought not to be the essential part of our ideal. As in our past the bards gave way before the heroes, so in any national ideal worthy the name, all must give way in its hopes, wealth, literature, art, everything before manhood itself. If our humanity fails us or becomes degraded, of what value are the rest? What use would it be to you or to me if our ships sailed on every sea and our wealth rivalled the antique Ind, if we ourselves were unchanged, had no more kingly consciousness of life, nor that overtopping grandeur of soul indifferent whether it dwells in a palace or a cottage?

If this be not clear to the intuition, there is the experience of the world and the example of many nations. Let us take the highest, and consider what have a thousand years of empire brought to England. Wealth without parallel, but at what expense! The lover of his kind must feel as if a knife were entering his heart when he looks at those black centres of boasted prosperity, at factory, smoke and mine, the

arid life and spiritual death. Do you call those miserable myriads a humanity? We look at those people in despair and pity. Where is the ancient image of divinity in man's face: where in man's heart the prompting of the divine? There is nothing but a ceaseless energy without; a night terrible as hell within. Is this the only way for us as a people? Is nature to be lost; beauty to be swallowed up? The crown and sceptre were taken from us in the past, our path has been strewn with sorrows, but the spirit shall not be taken until it becomes as clay, and man forgets that he was born in the divine, and hears no more the call of the great deep in his heart as he bows himself to the dust in his bitter labours. It maddens to think it should be for ever thus, with us and with them, and that man the immortal, man the divine, should sink deeper and deeper into night and ignorance, and know no more of himself than glimmers upon him in the wearied intervals of long routine.

Here we have this hope that nature appeals with her old glamour to many, and there is still the ancient love for the hero. In a land where so many well nigh hopeless causes have found faithful adherents, where there has been so much devotion and sacrifice, where poverty has made itself poorer still for the sake of leader and cause, may we not hope that when an appeal is made to the people to follow still higher ideals, that they will set aside the lower for the higher, that they will not relegate idealism to the poets only, but that it will dwell in the public as the private heart and make impossible any national undertaking inconsistent with the dignity and beauty of life? To me it seems that here the task of teacher and writer is above all to present images and ideals of divine manhood to the people whose real gods have always been their heroes. These titan figures, Cuculain, Finn, Oscar, Oisín, Caolte, all a mixed gentleness and fire, have commanded for generations that spontaneous love which is the only true worship paid by men. It is because of this profound and long-enduring love for the heroes, which must be considered as forecasting the future, that I declare the true ideal and destiny of the Celt in this island to be the begetting of a humanity whose desires and visions shall rise above earth illimitable into godlike nature, who shall renew for the world the hope, the beauty, the magic, the wonder which will draw the buried stars which are the souls of men to their native firmament of spiritual light and elemental power.

For the hero with us there is ample scope and need. There are the spectres of ignoble hopes, the lethal influences of a huge material civilisation wafted to us from over seas, which must be laid. Oh, that a protest might be made ere it becomes more difficult, ere this wild,

beautiful land of ours be viewed only as a lure to draw money from the cockney tourist, and the immemorial traditions around our sacred hills be of value only to advertise the last hotel. Yet to avert the perils arising from external causes is but a slight task compared with the overcoming of obstacles already existant within. There is one which must be removed at whatever cost, though the hero may well become the martyr in the attempt. It is a difficulty which has its strength from one of the very virtues of the people, their reverence for religion. This in itself is altogether well. But it is not well when the nature of that religion enables its priests to sway men from their natural choice of hero and cause by the threat of spiritual terrors. I say that where this takes place to any great extent, as it has with us, it is not a land a freeman can think of with pride. It is not a place where the lover of freedom can rest, but he must spend sleepless nights, must brood, must scheme, must wait to strike a blow. To the thought of freedom it must be said to our shame none of the nobler meaning attaches here. Freedom to speak what hopes and ideals we may have ; to act openly for what cause we will ; to allow that freedom to others—that liberty is denied. There are but too many places where to differ openly from the priest in politics is to provoke a brawl, where to speak as here with the fearlessness of print would be to endanger life. With what scorn one hears the aspiration for public freedom from lips that are closed with dread by their own hearthside ! Let freedom arise where first it is possible in the hearts of men, in their thoughts, in speech between one and another, and then the gods may not deem us unworthy of the further sway of our national life. I would that some of the defiant spirit of the old warrior brood were here, not indeed to provoke strife between man and man, or race and race, but rather that we might be fearless in the spirit of one who said "I do not war against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers"—and against influences which fetter progress, against an iron materialism where the beauty of life perishes, let us revolt, let us war for ever.

But with all this I, like others who have narrowly watched the signs of awakening life, do not doubt but that these things will pass as greater potencies throng in and impel to action. Already the rush of the earth-breath begins to fill with elation our island race and uplift them with the sense of power ; and through the power sometimes flashes the glory, the spiritual radiance which will be ours hereafter, if old prophecy can be trusted and our hearts prompt us true. Here and there some rapt dreamer more inward than the rest sees that Tir-na-noge was no fable, but is still around him with all its mystic beauty for ever.

The green hills grow alive with the star-children fleeting, flashing on their twilight errands from gods to men. When the heart opens to receive them and the ties which bind us to unseen nature are felt our day will begin and the fires awaken, our isle will be the Sacred Island once again and our great ones the light-givers to humanity, not voicing new things, but only of the old, old truths one more affirmation ; for what is all wisdom, wherever uttered, whether in time past or to-day, but the One Life, the One Breath, chanting its innumerable tones of thought and joy and love in the heart of man, one voice throughout myriad years whose message eterne is this—you are by your nature immortal, and you may be, if you will it, divine.

Æ.

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

THE programme of the T.S. has apparently been long before the minds of the leading educationalists in America, and to the gladdening of our hearts be it recorded how thoroughly their work is in accordance with our aims. Paul Desjardins voices thus the homage of the state to the new idealism :—"There are new views abroad of the University of the world, of poetry, of religion, of virtue, of kindness, of worth. Think it over : these are the objects on which our new generation is fixing its thoughts and trying to awaken yours." In this land of blood-money prizes and "result fees" it is hard for us to realize that the fact of this living expression of our long cherished ideals is not some delusion, so I shall quote the names of a few well-known champions of the spiritualization of education in America :—Professors Dewy, Tomlins, Jackmann, Herron, Josephine Locke, J. S. Clarke, (Boston), President Baker, (Colorado), Dr. Maudsley, Col. Parker.

Two prominent features of the new movement are :

(1.) The substitution of the quality of life for the quantity of acquirement as the ultimate ideal to be held.

(2.) The Culture of the Imagination. The standards of these pioneers are lofty : "The new education must comprise the spirituality of life as its direct aim and ultimate effect. We must revise our ideals as to what constitutes *success*. The term must not be held up as synonymous with either a great fortune or a great fame. It must be taught that success lies in the quality of personal life ; that to be just, considerate, courteous, and helpful to others is success ; that to have those intellectual and spiritual resources which feed the mind and sustain the soul in whatever vicissitudes of fortune may occur, is success ; that to be able to so command all the forces of one's nature as to be serene, confident, and joyful in all undertakings, is success.

"Our national future depends on a complete revision and regeneration of our ideals. The only true success lies in social service; the spectacular ideal of place and power is most pernicious."

"Attitude of mind, sympathy, responsiveness, living interest—these all come first and precede mere learning."

"The study of Nature should mean coming into spiritual contact with the inward meaning of Nature."

"The education of the will through ethical ideas and correct habit is to be considered in a scheme of learning. Ideals must be added to the scientific method."

"The ultimate ideals are faith, hope, and love. . . . They are to be spiritually attained, and their attainment is character. Training in morals may or may not include them; discipline of the will may or may not; but these ideals felt in the heart include all things. The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. With the novel, the drama, and with religion pleading for idealism education must surely suggest it."

Then as the primary means towards the attainment of these objects we read concerning the second feature:—

"Imagination is the spiritual faculty, the power by means of which are carried on all educational activities; it is the faculty that creates for us true ideals of life and gives us the winged power for their realisation. Imagination must not be confounded with mere fancies, phantoms, and fantasies; it is the working factor of life. Imagination is interpretation always. No one can help another unless he can think himself, for a moment, into the other's life." "A feeling for beauty means a perception of the harmonies of life. Modern education in restoring the myths the legend, and the fairy tale recognises as fundamental the old Greek thought concerning nature as intelligent and animate."

"The child is a soul seeking manifestation, an imaginative being hovering in regions of poetic rhythm. Education is the province of the poet and the painter, of the saint and the seer. Beauty and love are its handmaids; sight and service are its aims. The measure of right and truth and beauty is the measure of that true education whose results are known in the spiritualization of human life."

To us who are working on the outposts here against such odds it is cheering to know that the ideals we uphold are being so widely adopted and acted upon. Where formerly such views were approved of by tens they now are applauded by hundreds of thousands. We are reminded of some words written years since to a comrade: "Your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of."

E.

A NEW EARTH.

*"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims within his ken."*

I who had sought afar from earth
The fairy-land to greet,
Now find content within its girth,
And wonder nigh my feet.

To-day a nearer love I choose
And seek no distant sphere,
For aureoled by fairy dew
The dear, brown breasts appear.

With rainbow radiance come and go
The airy breaths of day,
And Eve is all a pearly glow
With moonbow winds a-play.

The lips of twilight burn my brow,
The arms of night caress :
Glimmer her white eyes drooping now
With grave old tenderness.

I close mine eyes from dream to be
The Diamond Rayed again,
As in the ancient hours ere we
Forgot ourselves to men.

And all I thought of heaven before
I find in Earth below,
A sunlight in the hidden core
To dim the noon-day glow.

And with the Earth my heart is glad,
I move as one of old,
With mists of silver I am clad
And bright with burning gold.

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THE FUTURE OF THE T. S.

SINCE New Year Day the thought of the Future of the T. S. has been constantly present to my mind, and it has been reflected to me as well from my general correspondence. At least two Branches, one the Aryan of New York, read the chapter upon this subject from the Key to Theosophy at the New Year Vigil.

It would appear that the T. S. can only expand with our expansion. Numerical growth is not sufficient. There is no cohesive power in mere numbers. We must expand mentally, as well as through the exercise of the heart sympathy. I am no advocate of ever-ready tides of gush and emotionalism, or the unwise expenditure of energy in superfluous deeds and words. The truest love is the wisest love. The closest sympathy is that which divines the real needs of individuals or of nations, and which know how to help and how not to hinder the fulfilment of those needs. Failing the somewhat rare power to do that, it must at least be able to express itself vitally, to shed the unfolding and revealing ray upon hearts fast sealed to surrounding coldness.

Since so much depends upon our all taking a broader view, it would seem as if a time must come, and as if it were not far off, when Brotherhood would be the sole point of contact demanded by the T. S. As if those who would work for Brotherhood, in any and every way, and not alone, practically among the poor, would have an unquestioned welcome in our midst. Not that study should be neglected or intellect left to go to seed. These too are instruments of the soul. But to the mystic and the esotericist definite teachings would elsewhere be available if desired while the T. S. became, definitely and simply, a bond of Brotherhood, of charity, toleration, and harmonious interchange throughout the world. It would do an enormous moral work if it only taught men to agree to disagree in cordial good will. In the understanding—final and entire—of that single word—Brotherhood—the whole body of Truth is really contained. To help every man, woman, and child with whom we come in contact to think about it and to carry out *their* highest ideas of it, will really be to help them to broaden towards wider conceptions of its meaning, hence toward nobler living. The maintenance of this view in daily life would no doubt break down the fences and barriers which divide life off into separative compartments; differences of race, of creed, of station, and all the terribly insistant mental differences, would be merged in the general trend towards unity, that unity the endeavour to realise Brotherhood. It needs no more. To him who does that the universal doors are opened.

It were perhaps well to think and to meditate more upon the nations than we now do. The Soul has no nation. But that nation in which it incarnates at any given time must karmically affect the body and the mind. Mind being the present great field of contest, to understand the national mind, the national genius, is to have a clue to the unit minds forming the nation. With nations, as with individuals, the first great step is to understand one's self. Thus to turn the thought of each nation towards its own inherent genius, towards the fulfilment, along its own lines of its own highest destiny is a broad field of work. It can be done through the writers and thinkers of each country specifically, but generally through any member of its community. The nations are at present thinking of material power. Can we not awaken the thoughts of moral grandeur, of freedom, of toleration, of spiritual achievement in each? Each has its symbols of unity; each has some half-forgotten lore telling of a diviner state. We shall not fail in this direction if we are guided by that unfailing tact and cordial sympathy which are one aspect of Brotherhood. Let us not preach a doctrinal Brotherhood, nor dictate to them how to be brothers, but let us demonstrate that we feel the reality of the bond, and ask their assistance, on their own lines, in spreading that bond, for thus alone can we awaken national ideals and a national spirit, whose breath is Universal Brotherhood.

J. W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

GOLDEN GRAIN.

I HAVE been gleaning in the fields of my friends, and have here gathered together a little of the grain let fall by them "on purpose" for my use. Having been myself refreshed, it is pleasant to share what has been reserved.

I would like friends of the L. T. everywhere to look through their sheaves from time to time, and pick out a ripe stalk to send to me for fitting place among this "Golden Grain."—D. N. D.

Through *trust* and *unity* wonders will be accomplished during the next fifteen years.—P.

Say, my friend, remember that title: The Cause of Sublime Perfection. That is the name of Theosophy. Opposed to the idea of inherent sinfulness, it may work a change. Use the title now and then. So will I. Those three—(a) Perfectibility of Humanity; (b) Cause of Sublime Perfection; (c) Masters are living facts, and not cold abstractions—should be well spread abroad. They pulverize the awful wrong

of inherent sin, they raise a hope in every man above a sot, they illuminate the sky of the future. We work for the future—oh, the glorious future !—W. Q. J.

Whole armies march to our support. Can you not hear the tread of their feet? Wait until twilight, and then sit in silence, all relaxed, not straining to see or to hear, but with Mind turned to Master and the Lodge, to which all true souls belong, whether or not they know it. Then you will feel the throb, like the beating of a great heart : that is the action of the spiritual force sent by——. We feel their effect, and ideas flow into the mind. ‘The true Master is felt, he is not seen.’ For long I tried to see and to hear, and then I learned that we heard in the mind best, and with less danger than audibly ; that we felt in ourselves the presence of the descending gods, and that this feeling was less delusive than any astral vision—then I understood many things which had been to me before unknown, because unrecognised.—A STUDENT.

Let us not be caught by reaction. It may come as a depression, so that one feels depressed and yet is not able to say exactly what about. It may come in other ways. But it is all right so long as we do not get carried away by the silly notion that it is *we* who are reacting. The great influx comes and goes, and has its rise and fall within rise and fall. And each time it withdraws a sort of reaction is set up on each of the lower planes it has effected. So we can be on our guard and gently smile when we feel it, saying, “Not this time do you catch me, my friend.” If we see to it that we use the force and do not let it use us overmuch ; steady-ing ourselves as it flows, all will be well.—T.

The chief point present in my mind lately has been : What is the object of our work ? We are all of us at work, some more, some less, on the attaining of a “steadfast” line of thought and action. In some it takes the form of investigation of and attaining psychic knowledge ; in others, it takes the form of intellectual investigation ; in yet others the practical aspect of Brotherhood engages all the attention. Looking over these, there is a unity of purpose in all. That purpose is the fulfilling of the higher laws of their own existence : their own “substantial” principle drives them on to manifest itself in their action in some analogous way to that in which it enforces re-incarnation. The method adopted, the means taken, are evidently a matter of Karma, the result being favoured or hindered by the way in which during past lives the personality has striven to act according to the laws of its indwelling or overshadowing “spirit.” All the potentialities of action are in that

spirit, but it lies with the personality whether or not they shall come into active manifestation. Then why?

If, as I hold, Brotherhood is one of the primary laws of the individual spirit or soul, it must be given effect in all the states of consciousness "below" that soul. It is a necessary law of the manifestation of spiritual being. The intellect translates it as "altruism," and the only safe and proper investigation of the psychic consciousness and its whirlpools and eddies must be in the steadfast action according to the Law of Brotherhood of the higher state of consciousness. Altruism is, then, not a law in itself, but the term used to denote the natural fulfilment of the laws of our Higher Being.—A. K.

Let us respect and follow the true. Let us practise the sterling virtue of keeping company with our truest state of consciousness; that state that was discovered to us for a brief space, by the Fire in the Heart, when we threw in our lot with the Theosophical Movement. At that time we were determined to *stand* and *serve*. By the magic of the living Love let us retain that heroic determination.

The sorrow of battle is in complete victory. Not ours yet that passing sorrow, but the joy of the fight. Sound, then, the bugle-note of effort ever renewed. Voice the Leaders' call to follow. Heed the simple regulations of the army.

We will be unselfish; unselfish enough to be loyal.—G. R.

Be earnest in your work. No right deed is too mean to be done carefully; it is the spirit that the gods regard. When you know this you will be reconciled to your duties. Earnestly performed, each little labour has a spiritual significance equal to the greatest.

Be earnest in speech, and do not speak too much. Every word you utter affects somebody; therefore, say only what you mean, and mean just what you say. Mirthfulness is good in moderation, but flippancy causes friction. Half-heartedness is no-heartedness.

Be earnest in your thought. This is important, for word and deed are children of thought. Treat your thoughts as realities, not as shadows; thence comes intensity and force. Thought is not a thing outside you, but is yourself; you are a thought. Thought is sacred, and should not be trifled with.

Be earnest in Life, as apart from living, working, and the rest, which are but for a day. Self is undying, existing equally in past and future, ever present in the Eternal Now. Earnestly seek the Self.

G.

FRIENDSHIP.

There are few real friends. Even in the T. S. we find few exceptions to this, though there are some. A good many are called by that name, but not many know the meaning of friendship. Do you know it? A little perhaps, but it would do you no harm to think it over and see how real your power to be a friend can be before you say that you know it or that some others do not know it.

Ordinary friendships (or what are called by that name) always remind me of varnish, pretty and shiny at first, but easily scratched. Never indulge in varnish friendships and never offer such.

Pretty talk doesn't mean friendship, affectionate actions or expressions count for nothing, even personal love doesn't have to do with friendship. If you think it does then you view it as the ordinary run of people view it, and have very little idea what real friendship means.

You will never know what true friendship is unless you learn to look below the surface of things, and feel the souls of people more.

I've seen you throw off those who would be your truest friends (if you would only forget yourself and your likes and dislikes for a while).

I've seen you judge some of these from the standpoint of intellect, personal appearance, manner, or *what some one else thought of them*. This is no good, and shows you have much to learn on this before you, understand the true meaning of friendship

You may admire ——'s articles, not knowing who the writer is and think you like to have him for a friend ; but if you knew him would your friendship and admiration count for much with him do you think, when in ordinary life he knows you, and he also knows he does not suit you personally, does something you do not approve (though perfectly harmless in itself) because it goes against your well-defined ideas,—built up by you as your standard of what should be. Would you be able to take him for the friend you now think you would like to have in him? I fear not. Why? because you do not look below the surface to the soul of the writer who writes, you do not realise that there is the friend you would find, there in the place where real friendships grow.

Do I judge you externally? I do not. I give you facts, as you know. In our talks we call things by their real names, but we always talk from the inner basis, never from the external, and so you understand what I mean and do not think the less of me because of these talks, but feel that inside we are truer and better friends than before,

because we are of mutual help to each other, in our pleasures and our sorrows, our virtues and our faults. That we ripen each other by this kind of friendship and are not simply friends to talk pretty, and to mean little. Well, then, if our friendship is a real thing take it in its inner meaning and take others in the same way, and don't try to find friends unless you are able to accept them as such inside, and have the courage to face the outside.

Make friends always when you can, "for this is the time to make friends," but make them from the soul, if you want them to be lasting and real friendships.

Never think of your friend what you would not wish him to think of you.

Never speak to him as you would not have him speak to you.

Let him be as frank to you as you would be frank to him.

Be glad with him as you would have him glad with you. The appreciation of a friend goes a long way to make life sweeter and better, you know this from your own experience. Then give this to your friend. Appreciation of the things you like in others knocks off many of the rough corners of life, and leaves a perfume which is sensed by the lowly as well as the great in life.

Learn then, I say, what friendship means, for the world is getting very weary in its search for friends. If you can learn the meaning of friendship you will help others to know what it means, and so in time we will make the world our friend, because, instead of being only lovers and talkers of love, it will feel that we are friends, and there is no holier thing, I say, than the friendship of a friend.

THE OUTLOOK.

By this time we expect the Crusaders have reached San Francisco, and will soon have their circuit completed. The Crusade has been a great success. Much has been accomplished in face of extraordinary difficulties, which were probably only comprehended fully by the Leader. The initial steps in a great enterprise have been taken ; the later ones will bring to light their real character, and full import. That Mrs. Tingley is an occult leader there can be no doubt whatever, especially in the minds of those who have been privileged to come into contact with her in this work. She requires no testimonial from us, nor do we think anything is to be gained by making comparisons, as some have done, between her, and those who, whatever their qualities may be, are of different rank and place, in Occultism at all events. Unfortunately in the present condition of humanity, such souls are only too rarely found, but when they are found their presence soon makes itself manifest, as we know by experience. I would not be surprised to find that during this Crusade Mrs. Tingley has made important connections with organisations, the existence of which has hardly been suspected within recent times. We have much to hear of visits to certain parts of Egypt, Greece, India and other places, not to mention Ireland, but for all that we can well wait, and it is more than likely that our patience will be well rewarded. Notwithstanding Bro. Geo. Mead's remarks in January's *Lucifer*, we really do live in great times.

With our hands ever free to deal with every practical detail, however trivial, that may arise within our immediate reach, it is well, at the same time, to lift our eyes and look over the entire field. To restrict our ideas of work to areas too closely defined is, I think, very often a mistake. Brooding over the work on a wide scale is good. Look at India and the variety of elements there. At one place the Hindu is predominant ; at another the Mohammedan ; sometimes there is a large admixture of Parsees, sometimes of Anglo-Indians. A successful appeal to one may fall quite flat with the others. What suits Benares may not take at Delhi, and so on—a vast field truly. There lies great Argavarta, and, as someone puts it, the occult sceptre is held in the grasp of withered fingers. But “wheels go round,” so let us keep India and its needs in mind, and we will help them to revolve more swiftly.

Turn to Europe. Old, aged, decrepid almost, or, in the words of the prophet of old, “a valley of dry bones.” Here and there you will find, it is true, the remains of much that was once beautiful, but the spirit

that vitalized, whence has it departed? It may be that through the efforts of a few much may be possible still. While the withering breath of commercialism is yet over the land it is ours to lift anew the immemorial standard. What of our organisation then? While affording ideal conditions for localized work, does it lack cohesion? The difficulties of language are hard to overcome. But more could be done probably than is done. What of Germany? What of Greece and the work there? We hear little of it. In what way can the different countries (or can they at all?) mutually help each other, and draw closer together in the work of our movement?

And America. What of her? A vast continent, full of exultant, buoyant life, yet surely with much that is fantastic and crude. Many of the evils of our European civilization are to be seen exhibited there in magnificent display. How far yet from Whitman's great spiritual ideal is that vast democracy, so vigorous and untamed. Listen to his singing:

In thee America, the soul, its destinies,
 Thou globe of globes! thou wonder nebulous!
 By many a throe of heat and cold convuls'd (by these thyself
 solidifying),
 Thou mental, moral orb—thou New, indeed new, Spiritual World!
 The present holds thee not—for such vast growth as thine,
 For such unparallel'd flight as thine, such brood as thine,
 The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold thee.

Fortunately the T. S. is splendidly organised in America. It is united, coherent, and has consequently great force as an organisation. This is daily augmenting, and will, we believe, mould the life of the nation, in time.

Nowhere need we sit down by the wayside as if the work was done. When our attention is no longer directed to maintaining our organisation and keeping it together; when the little bickerings of to-day have completely died out, then will we be able to put all our energies into service for the good of all humanity. From the words of warning in last month's *Theosophy*, it would appear that another mud storm is likely to burst forth on the return of the Crusaders to New York. This need not surprise us. Calumny and slander are the reward of all those who have worked in the world as H. P. B. and W. Q. J. did, and as Mrs. Tingley is now doing. At this time of day we do not require surely to be asked to stand firm and unshaken in our loyalty. Rather may we think kindly of our brothers whose inner vision has been temporarily dimmed. In such an attitude we strengthen the weak ones among us

and at the same time help to sustain those valiant ones who are attacked. To those who understand something of this movement such "teapot" tempests never cause a wavering thought.

It is for Humanity we work ; for it the night, we believe, is declining. Every day our ideas broaden ; our conception of this great movement, grows deeper and wider, but this breadth and depth and width only give fresh zest to our enthusiasm, new stimulus to every endeavour. Each step forward, for some time to come, may add new foes, but new friends will be added by myriads. This force shall not be impeded. No ; on, on, on, it sweeps. No human arm is strong enough to stay it ; long enough have we tarried, led aside by every lure, but we rise at last elate from it all, and go forward to victory. It is no will-o'-wisp. In our quietest moments our hearts whisper sweetly, tenderly, the secret—We know it is true. Wisdom in Fraternity ; Fraternity in Wisdom ; every impulse and emotion turned to good purpose ; every element of the reason satisfied.

D. N. D.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

IMPORTANT NOTICE—CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The Central Office of the T. S. in Europe (Ireland), the publishing office of the IRISH THEOSOPHIST, and the rooms of the Dublin Lodge, T. S. E., have been removed to 13 Eustace Street, whither all communications should in future be addressed.

It is intended to hold public meetings fortnightly at the Central Lecture Hall, Westmoreland Street, for the remainder of the Session, the first of which will be on Thursday, Feb. 25th. Members can assist in making these meetings a success by spreading the information amongst their friends or amongst those whom they think will be interested.

ROBERT E. COATES, *Hon. Sec.*